





## Poetry.

STANSON ON LONDON.

BY JAMES HUNTER, LONDON.

Meat, without meat it is that  
 Come of the New England  
 If there be any on earth a slave  
 Are you truly free?  
 If you don't feel the chain  
 When it works a brother's pain  
 Are you not a slave indeed,  
 Slave to the world?

Woman, who shall one day bear  
 Sons to battle the New England  
 If you hear without a blush  
 Heads to make the world look ask  
 Like the lava through the  
 For your sisters now in chains  
 Answer! are you free?  
 Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom lost to break  
 For the sake of a few  
 And with a million others  
 That we are unshackled and free?  
 No! true freedom is to share  
 All the chains and the world's  
 And with heart and hand to be  
 Keen to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
 For the sake of a few  
 And who are slaves who are  
 Flattered, rebuffed, and abused  
 Rather than to stand up  
 From the truth they need not think  
 They are slaves who dare not be  
 In the right with two-thirds.

## A Longing.

Thou wanderer (thought I) far away from my  
 home,  
 And although friends are at every hand,  
 And kind words greet me wherever I roam,  
 I long for my own native land.

I long for a peep down the deep, cool well,  
 That is mine by the kitchen door,  
 And the shady orchard where the cherry fell  
 At the feet of the faithful mother.

And the fatherly school with its old green door,  
 And the teacher's kind smile,  
 Where many a day I sat in the room,  
 As he plodded on by day.

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How I long for a walk down the shady lane,  
 Where the daisies and buttercups grow,  
 Or the long, low meadow where the ripening  
 grain  
 Was bright in the morning dew.

There are faces of dear ones I long to see,  
 And their voices I long to hear,  
 I would that they always could stay with me,  
 They comfort my heart and cheer.

We all have some cross in this world of ours,  
 We must bear it, ever faithful and true,  
 And he who gives life to the withering flowers,  
 Will give us life and strength to do.

—C. H. S.

## The People's Song of Peace.

BY JAMES H. MILLER.

The grass is green on Bonaparte Hill,  
 The waters sweet in Blandford,  
 The swallows sleep in the old mill  
 The farmer keeps his flock and his  
 Then who would war the world  
 With what of battle field or bay?

The leaves are green in the fields,  
 The flowers bloom in the sun,  
 The birds sing in the trees,  
 The bees hum in the hive,  
 The sun shines in the sky,  
 The moon shines in the night,  
 The stars shine in the sky,  
 The world is full of life and light.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,  
 The oceans gleam in the sun,  
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was received by the landlord himself.  
 He was a stout, responsible-looking  
 man of some sixty years, and we were  
 favorably impressed with him. He  
 looked us over the house, and answered  
 our questions freely and fully. Every-  
 thing was satisfactory. I was delig-  
 hted. But my brother, who was of a can-  
 did temperament, kept on asking  
 questions until I got fairly angry. First  
 he got on to the matter of drains, and  
 when he had been reduced to silence on  
 this head, he was most pertinacious on  
 the subject of damp. At last he said:  
 "Can't you ask a very high rent,  
 how's that?"

"Why," said the landlord deliberately,  
 and turning his cap in his hands, "you  
 see this neighborhood is out of fashion  
 now. It isn't what it once was. We've  
 had this house vacant for some time,  
 and we're anxious to let it. You can  
 see there's nothing wrong about the  
 place. If it were in the West End,  
 it'd pay six or seven times the rent."  
 His explanation seemed perfectly  
 straightforward, and certainly the  
 house bore the closest scrutiny. Even-  
 tually we closed the bargain.

The next day I was lunching at my  
 usual chop-house along with two or  
 three acquaintances.  
 "Still house-hunting, Denton?" said  
 one of these.

"No, thank heaven," I said. "We've  
 got a house in the square."  
 "Square?" echoed he thoughtfully.  
 "Which number have you got?"

"Number 15," I said. "It three his  
 head back and burst into a fit of laugh-  
 ter. The other men laughed too. I  
 looked from one to the other for ex-  
 planation.

"When you've done," said I with  
 dignity.

"Well, don't you know," said my  
 friend, recovering his gravity. "Num-  
 ber 15—Square, is haunted!" I saw  
 the other men looking at me, so I put  
 on a bold front.

"As if every one didn't know that,"  
 said I composedly. He was somewhat  
 taken back, but returned to the charge.

"Well, you'll have plenty of company  
 there," he said. "We shall have  
 a house full of spirits."

"Don't you be afraid," I retorted.  
 "There's enough of us to frighten  
 any ghost. We shall crowd him out."

"I bet you a new hat you don't stop  
 there a week," said he.

"Done with you," said I promptly.  
 "As often as you like. Any one else  
 want to bet?"

So we volunteered, and the subject  
 dropped. But I was extremely uncon-  
 fortable, in the course of the after-  
 noon I took my brother aside and told  
 him.

"Phew!" said he. "That explains  
 the low rent. But it's rather serious.  
 The governor can't stand anything of  
 the sort. You know how nervous he  
 is."

"Yes, I know," I said. "And it strikes  
 me that the house we can do is to  
 move into the house ourselves, so that  
 we can tell him the story is a myth if  
 any one lets it out to him. Just you  
 and I."

"Right," said he. "We have taken  
 the house and we can't afford to lose  
 the money. Besides, it's such a cap-  
 ital place."

The whole family were to move in  
 about three weeks' time. We had no  
 difficulty in finding a pretext for pro-  
 ceeding then, and it was arranged that  
 some of the bed room furniture should  
 be immediately sent to our new home.

We were going to sell most of  
 our furniture in our West End house,  
 and the new furniture could be bought  
 immediately, and placed in No. 15. So  
 at about 10 o'clock one evening, after a  
 substantial dinner in town, we left our  
 selves to our new abode by means of  
 the key and took possession. A bright  
 fire in the kitchen, was blazing in  
 the chimney. We had a plentiful sup-  
 ply of whisky and tobacco, and we  
 made ourselves comfortable with our  
 slippers and lounging coats, and pre-  
 pared for a night of it.

"Uncommonly comfortable," said  
 my brother approvingly. "Glad the  
 old lady knows how to make a fire."

"And what a grate!" And a chimney  
 as big as a blast furnace. There is  
 nothing like one of these old-fashioned  
 chimneys for comfort. Escaped in  
 our chimney corner, we passed the  
 time luxuriously enough. We had  
 made up our minds to sit up all night  
 and show the ghost what manner of  
 men he had to deal with.

"We'll take the ghost by the horns,"  
 said my brother. "I only hope we  
 shan't have to take the devil by his."

I was not quite so complacent, for I in-  
 herited something of my father's un-  
 common sense. However, I had  
 company, and there was Dutch courage  
 in the whisky bottle, so I kept up a  
 stout heart. We were very cheerful  
 and light-hearted at first. We talked  
 over various boyish escapades, criti-  
 cized the characters of our friends and  
 relations; we got the fidgets; we found  
 we could not smoke forever without  
 burning our mouths. Finally the fumes  
 of whisky and the heat of the fire had  
 their inevitable effect and we began to  
 doze.

I do not know how long I had been  
 asleep, but I suddenly awoke with a  
 violent start. A cold shudder ran  
 through me from head to foot. I had  
 an indelible sensation of something  
 strange and terrible. I rose and stretch-  
 ed myself and tried to feel at my ease.  
 But I could not. I touched my brother  
 and he awoke.

"What's the matter?" he said.  
 "I've been asleep. What's the  
 time?"

"Two o'clock," said I.  
 "Just the time for a ghost," said he  
 with unbecomingly levity. "Do you know,  
 Will, I don't think he'll come here.  
 Ghosts are uncomfortable things and  
 don't like good fires. Got too much of  
 them where they are, I suppose. Let's  
 go and look for him."

"Anything for a change," said I,  
 although the thought of perambulating  
 about in the middle of the night in  
 our nightgowns, and with a ghost  
 "an aid awake."

"So am I," said he, and taking up  
 the brass candlestick, he went toward  
 the door. I followed him—close. We  
 passed along the passage, our stealthy  
 footfalls making a faint sound on the  
 uncarpeted floor. We examined the  
 rooms on the ground floor. We heard  
 and saw nothing. We ascended the  
 stairs. Every individual stair creaked  
 horribly, but that was all. No ghost.

My brother suddenly opened the door  
 of a bedroom on the first floor, and  
 instantly a gust of air blew the candle  
 out. And as we stood there in the icy  
 cold we distinctly heard a groan.

It was no fancy. It was a long-drawn,  
 wailing moan of indescribable horror  
 and pathos. It died away in a despair-  
 ing exhalation. It seemed like the sor-  
 rowful lament of a soul in torment.

As we went on, we were grasping each  
 other's hands, with our hearts throbbing  
 in great pulsation. It came again, in  
 the horror of it. It seemed to be in  
 the room and close to us. The cold  
 was deadly, the silence broken only by  
 that weird and awful moan. Once more  
 it rose and fell—and somehow or other  
 the next moment we found ourselves  
 in the kitchen, with shaking limbs and  
 ashen faces, looking at our extinguished  
 candle. Then we looked at each other.

"That was no fancy, Will," said my  
 brother.

"Fancy—no," I replied, my teeth

chattering in my head. "What are you  
 going to do?"

"For my brother had re-lit the candle  
 and was moving away.  
 "I'm going to have another look,"  
 he said.

"But perhaps," I suggested, "the  
 ghost extinguishes the light."

"I'll give him another chance," said  
 my brother coolly. "Come along, you  
 chattering idiot." I was too shattered  
 to resent this unflattering description,  
 and with a quaking heart I followed  
 his footfalls. This time he  
 opened the door more cautiously, and  
 we entered with every nerve strung to  
 its utmost tension. Holding the can-  
 dle on high, we looked around. Pure  
 vacancy. And the sound came again.  
 "Poor old chap," said my brother.  
 "He can't stand the light. Shall I blow  
 it out again?"

"If you do," said I. "But, joking  
 apart, who is going to sleep in this  
 room? Not for one. And this  
 would naturally be the governor's  
 room."

My brother was struck.  
 "You're right," he said. "We must  
 get to the bottom of this. We'll find it  
 out somehow. And now I think we  
 may go to bed. I'll just look round."

He examined the room carefully, but  
 there was nothing to be seen, neither  
 was there anything to be heard. We  
 went on to the things that night, and  
 went to bed. I did not sleep a wink.  
 My nerves were completely unstrung.  
 After a night of tossing and fever, I  
 awoke unrefreshed, and mightily pleas-  
 ed to find myself in broad daylight.

At noon that day I had to run the  
 gauntlet of my friends. And I am  
 bound to say, I lied like Ananias. As  
 the day drew on, I grew more and more  
 uncomfortable. I felt a terrible dread  
 of the ordeal of the evening night.  
 Before we dined in town, it was a  
 blue night, and we took a walk round  
 the square before turning in. The  
 houses all looked cheerful with their  
 bright lights. Ours alone was black  
 and gloomy. We agreed that at two  
 o'clock precisely we would again visit  
 the haunted room. There was no dan-  
 ger of our going to sleep to-night. We  
 were awfully wide awake. As we went  
 out, wild conjectures crossed my mind as  
 we sat by the kitchen fire, waiting for  
 the appointed hour. Perhaps some  
 maniac had taken up his abode in the  
 house, and roved about at night utter-  
 ing that awful noise. Or perhaps some  
 wily person had a fancy to let rent-  
 free and had adopted this method of  
 frightening tenants away. In any case  
 the shock of our nervous system was  
 the same, whatever the cause.

The whisky ebbed fast, but not so  
 fast as my courage. My brother, cool  
 and practical, was deep in thought. He  
 was not likely to indulge the wild  
 speculations that crossed my brain.  
 He was seeking some material explana-  
 tion of the weird phenomenon. At last  
 the hour began to sound. At the first  
 stroke my brother rose and took up the  
 candle. I had provided myself with a  
 second light, and I followed him. We  
 examined the rooms on the ground  
 floor, without success. We ascended  
 the stairs, and passed outside the  
 haunted chamber. The passages and  
 the stairs above us were thick with  
 shadow. My brother turned the han-  
 dle—and the weird sound died away as  
 we entered.

In a moment it came again. It rose  
 and swelled and died sorrowfully away.  
 It was singularly human. Yet it was  
 beyond all description unearthly. No  
 banshee could wail so sad or so  
 thrilling tones. We stood like Dante  
 and Virgil, except that the author of  
 the "Inferno," and his guide did not  
 wear carpet slippers or carry brass can-  
 dlesticks. Neither had they such ex-  
 traordinary tough heads of hair as we  
 had. I tell him growing gray fast.

And a cold stream of terror trickled down  
 my back. My brother stood still and  
 listened intently. The ghost groaned  
 again, and yet again. In fact he kept  
 on groaning. It was frightful. The  
 wail began in a whisper; it swelled to  
 an acute pitch; it died away in a note  
 of woe that thrilled one's heart. It was  
 awful to stand there, waiting for the  
 sound to come again. My mater-of-  
 fact brother spoke.

"He's in good voice to-night," said  
 he, approvingly. "A bit louder, but I  
 don't wonder at that. Still, I wish  
 he'd stop. It's a bit of a nuisance."  
 In this remark, and in the way he said  
 it, I saw a man who had been a  
 himself turned—bushy. I quite expect-  
 ed some supernatural visitation to  
 make this ill-natured visit. None came.

My brother, having politely waited for  
 the ghost had finished, began again:  
 "All these groans are exactly alike,"  
 he said considerably. "That's what  
 I don't like. Will, I'll tell you what.  
 The ghost in the chimney. Once  
 he's done, he'll go back to his  
 firm his works. And if he didn't  
 appear to proceed from the region of  
 the fireplace."

"Still," resumed my brother, thought-  
 fully, "a ghost in a chimney is un-  
 comfortable sort of thing. Will, we'll  
 have that chimney swept. Fancy a  
 ghost coming down with the soot.  
 We'll see about it the first thing to-mor-  
 row."

This awful threat appeared too much  
 for our unsteady nerves. For some  
 tongue no more that night. We went  
 to bed, and I dreamed that the spirit  
 of a chimney-sweep appeared to me and  
 confessed to the murder of one of the  
 little boys, who were still employed in  
 those days in his profession. However,  
 I got some sleep. I got none the pre-  
 cious night.

We left the office early in the after-  
 noon. We seemed the services of an  
 intelligent sweep, who had been em-  
 ployed by the chimney-sweep com-  
 pany. The chimney was swept, and  
 was ready for the youngster to climb  
 and up he went. We waited in suspense.

When he came down he reported that  
 he had found nothing. We questioned  
 him eagerly, but he had seen no ghost  
 or anything belonging to one. We sent  
 him up again. This time he found out  
 something. This chimney communi-  
 cated with the one next door.

That will be the kitchen chimney  
 next door, said my brother. "We  
 must explore that." Our landlady was  
 considerably amazed when we pre-  
 sented ourselves and asked to be allowed to  
 explore. After a little demur, how-  
 ever, she consented. There was but a  
 small fire in the grate, and this was  
 taken out.

"I don't make it up until 11 o'clock  
 at night she explained. "Not until my  
 master comes home tired after his  
 day's work, and then we have our bit  
 of upper and drink and our glass,  
 and we like to see a cheerful fire in the  
 day I don't trouble about it." The boy  
 went up smartly and shortly reappear-  
 ed.

"Why, you've got a smoke jack up  
 there, missis," said he.

"What's a smoke-jack?" said my  
 brother hastily. The sweep explained.  
 "It's a happyrater for roasting meat,  
 fixed in the chimney. It has little  
 rails, and it's just like a wheel. Only  
 it's laid flat instead of being upright. The  
 hot air comes up from the fire and  
 blows these rails round. Then there's  
 a cog-wheel that communicates the mo-  
 tion to a fly-wheel. A chain passes  
 round the fly-wheel, coming down to  
 the grate, and turns the spit."

"But where are the chains?"

"Oh, they're been taken off, I sup-  
 pose. It isn't used now."

"I didn't know it was there," said our  
 landlady.

"Doesn't it make a noise?" asked my

brother with a quick look at me.  
 "We don't hear it," replied the land-  
 lady indifferently.

"Will," said my brother, "just run  
 back to the bedroom and listen. I be-  
 lieve we've got it. I'm going to send  
 the boy up with a tin of paint. I did  
 as he requested. When I went into  
 the room, the ghost was groaning in splen-  
 did form. He was going faster than  
 I had ever heard him before."

The mystery was solved.  
 During the day the current of hot air  
 was not strong enough, to set on the  
 blades and set the revolving portion of  
 the machine in motion. But when the  
 force was made up at night the  
 force was ample. The revolving por-  
 tion of a jack is raised to a small ex-  
 tent from the frame and bearing of the  
 pivot on which it revolves. It is the  
 force of the current by letting the  
 fly go out and the blades of the jack  
 descend. The revolutions being gradu-  
 ally slower and slower. The pivot  
 bearing had no lubrication, and conse-  
 quently made the groaning noise.

We kept our secret. We were weak  
 in the admiration of every one who knew  
 the secret of the house. And for a very  
 substantial reduction in the rent of a  
 very comfortable house we had to thank  
 the Groaning Ghost.—Belgravia.

## Parents of Poorly Bred Children.

There must be some way to explain  
 the presence of so many poorly raised  
 children. Somebody must bear the  
 blame. The children are not responsi-  
 ble for their conduct before they come  
 to the years of discretion, yet the ma-  
 jority of them are very far from what  
 they ought to be.



















